

## Good Vibrations

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## Good Vibrations

by [perictione \(leclairage\)](#)

### Summary

Optimus said, “Prowl is getting suspicious. He’s convinced this will keep me from being objective. He wants me to stop—oh, oh yes.”

### Notes

You don't need to have read the rest of the series to get the context for this fic...because there is no context! It's set some time after [Camera Ready](#).

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

“Megatron, this really is irresponsible.”

It was. They were in a closet. The closet was not extremely clean, but at least they both fit inside it. Optimus was becoming rather familiar with the various pros and cons of all the closets on the Autobot base. But they were supposed to be at a briefing in ten minutes.

“Negotiations won’t fall apart just because we disappeared for a moment.”

Megatron was leaving a series of bites and kisses along Optimus’s jaw. Each bite would probably leave a mark. Nothing significant, only small, easily-healed dents in the soft protoform of his face—the battlemask would cover them, he’d just have to remember not to fuel in front of anyone for a few days.

Optimus said, “Prowl is getting suspicious. He’s convinced this will keep me from being objective. He wants me to stop—oh, oh yes.”

Megatron groped his aft and rocked their hips together. Optimus felt more than heard the dark chuckle against his neck. “He wants you to stop spreading your legs for me every spare minute?”

Optimus sighed. “Do you have to be so crude?”

“Only because you like it so much. You’re getting nice and wet just listening to me talk, aren’t you?” Megatron whispered to him. He was right, not that Optimus was about to admit it. “Don’t lie, I just felt your engine rev. And speaking of…”

“Speaking of my engine?” Optimus said petulantly.

“Speaking of spreading your legs.” Megatron shifted up, grinning, and kept him from responding with a kiss. “I have plans for you.”

Megatron always had the best plans, and Optimus shivered all over, feeling hot.

“I thought you said this was going to be quick. What exactly do you have in mind?” Optimus asked with suspicion. He backed up, sitting down on the edge of a sturdy-looking crate and pulling Megatron down to lean over him.

Megatron grinned and reached down to rub possessively over the Prime’s modesty panel, and Optimus did spread his legs then, making room for Megatron’s whole palm to grab the curve of his panel, and Optimus couldn’t help imagining Megatron’s hand rubbing against his exposed valve instead—

“Do you remember that toy I introduced you to?” Megatron purred.

“I—yes? So?” Optimus remembered very well.

Megatron reached into his subspace and pulled out a thick, matte black object with a silver handle. The vibrator.

“You’ve just been carrying that around with you?”

“I’ve been waiting for the perfect opportunity,” Megatron said, mischievous.

The last time Optimus had been reckless enough to sneak out of the Ark for a slightly treasonous rendezvous, Megatron had rewarded him by bringing that toy into the berth. Optimus hadn’t used anything similar in millenia. Megatron had coaxed him to a first overload with focused, devastating attention to his node, and then used the toy on himself as he aggressively rode Optimus’s spike, occasionally reaching around with it whenever he felt like hearing Optimus beg, rubbing the fluttering device against his valve or thrusting it inside him in time with the rocks of Megatron’s hips.

Optimus shivered again. “And what are you planning to do with it?”

“I’m going to use it on you, of course. I’m confident I can bring you to the edge very quickly. I certainly did the last time.” Megatron smiled like a manifestation of Optimus’s worst nightmares. Well, not his *nightmares*. More like his dreams. And his daydreams, and his fantasies, and the images his processor played on loop when he was alone in his berth— “But I’m not going to let you overload.”

“What?”

“I’m not going to let you overload,” Megatron said. There was that smirk again, even more sinister this time. Even more arousing, too. “I know the signs well enough now, it should be easy to take the toy away just before you cross the edge.”

“Megatron,” Optimus said, long-suffering. “I’m not going to be happy with you if I have to just—sit there unsatisfied during the meeting.”

“Oh, you’ll overload eventually, never fear. I wouldn’t deny myself the pleasure of watching that display.” Megatron rubbed over Optimus’s valve panel again, meaningfully. “But only when I decide to let you. Well, Optimus? Would you like to play this game?”

Optimus glared at him, trying not to let Megatron’s looming presence and teasing touches distract him from his annoyance. “At most we have fifteen minutes before someone comes looking.”

Megatron made a noise of agreement and didn’t look at all concerned by this. “Don’t worry Optimus, I’ll be sure to give you a full thirty seconds to reach overload before we have to return to our duties.” Infuriated and also...not infuriated at all, Optimus felt his array throb, trying to online even with his panels still closed. Megatron leaned close and licked the length of one of Optimus’s finials. “Though I may be merciful...if you beg prettily enough.”

Optimus growled, because this was all a very bad idea that would definitely get them both into trouble, but his array throbbed again, and the growl twisted into a moan. His valve flexed, anticipating, and he felt a whisper of phantom sensation from his needy anterior node. “And how do *you* plan to overload in this scenario?”

“I don’t plan to overload.”

“You—you don’t?”

Optimus felt rather than saw the smile against his sensitive helm finials. “I don’t,” Megatron purred. “I am going to debauch you. Then, I am going to enjoy the build of charge in my lines as I watch you during our negotiations, knowing all the while that your valve is swollen and slick behind your panel, and you’re still loose and open and prepared to take my spike. And you’ll want to take my spike when we’re done, won’t you? Always so greedy, my marvelous Prime—you won’t be satisfied with just one overload. You’ll be happy to be led to whatever room is closest and pushed against the wall and plundered, won’t you?”

Optimus’s panel snapped open with embarrassing speed. He had been trying to be less obviously eager during their encounters, but...he had not succeeded. Megatron was so good at *saying things*, and imagining this game—it was just too much. He moved to close his thighs on the sight of his exposed array, but Megatron sidled in between them, spreading them apart.

Megatron laughed at him, and said, “If you decide you don’t like the game, say stop, and we’ll decide on something else.”

Optimus nodded acknowledgement.

Fingers began to explore his valve, spreading and sliding between the lips, rubbing in the rising dribbles of lubricant. Optimus arched into the touch.

Then he growled in annoyance when he realized that Megatron was deliberately, perversely, avoiding touching his anterior node. “Megatron. We don’t have time to mess around.”

Megatron mostly ignored this, only responding, “Eager already?”

Optimus sighed in frustration and kicked—gently—at the side of Megatron’s leg. “I can still leave and make it to my quarters and take care of this charge *alone*—”

“Alright, alright,” Megatron said, and in one smooth motion brought the now-active vibrator around and pressed it to Optimus’s node, very neatly exposed by Megatron’s other hand spreading apart the soft folds of protoform. Optimus made an embarrassing noise.

Megatron continued, “Though you can’t blame me for wanting to admire you. So neat and tight. It’s hard to believe such a pretty little valve has managed to take my spike.”

But Optimus was barely listening to him, very much occupied by the very precise sensation being applied to his node.

“And this little button always glows so nicely for me,” and Megatron lifted the vibrator off for a moment to admire him. Optimus growled, half in a moan, and squirmed in annoyance. “Oh, don’t complain yet, Optimus,” Megatron said. “You aren’t even close. I don’t think I’ll let you come until your node is bright and swollen and lubricant is dripping out of you onto the floor.” He tapped the vibrator gently against the node a few times in a way that felt very nice and completely unsatisfying.

“Megatron,” Optimus cursed. Primus, he was so annoyed. Unfortunately, everything about this scenario was also making his sensors ache with lust, and Megatron’s optics were gleaming bright with charge too. So, despite how much he wanted to overload, and despite the irresponsibility and the indignity and the impracticality of what they were doing, Optimus didn’t say no to any of it. He settled for saying, “I hate you.” The words came out a little more staticky and hoarse than he would have liked.

Megatron grinned at him, wicked, and Optimus felt another surge of arousal when he met that predatory gaze. Then Megatron shifted his weight, and used one hand to support himself on the wall as he leaned over Optimus. He kissed him, open and slow. When their lips parted, he whispered, “You say the sweetest things, dear Optimus.”

Optimus felt the tip of the vibrator nestle between his folds again, dragging against his node as it quivered, and then—Megatron turned up the intensity.

“Hhhh,” Optimus yelped, practically moaning against Megatron’s lips, as the change in vibrations radiated sensation through his array. But he was beyond prideful annoyance by then—or perhaps annoyance had been turned completely into arousal—and entirely focused on where that vibrator was touching his node and the way Megatron was rocking it over him and whether he could manage to overload without Megatron realizing.

The toy was only on the second or third setting—Optimus wasn’t sure—but he was so charged up it didn’t matter. Within just a few minutes, embarrassingly fast, he tilted his hips up into the pressure and grunted, “Meg—Megatron.”

And then just as he felt the pleasure winding tighter inside him...Megatron pulled away.

Optimus choked and growled. “Megatron, I am going to kill you.”

“Oh no, were you close? Were you right on the edge of overload?” His grin was wicked.

“Oh, ha ha. You’re hilarious. I am so amused,” Optimus said, monotone. His hands were clenched tight, resting on top of whatever he was sitting on—he hadn’t been paying attention. A storage

crate? And he was sorely tempted to shove Megatron onto the ground and take control of this encounter...but he didn't. He flexed his fingers but didn't move his hands, didn't close his legs. "Hurry up and put it back."

Megatron chuckled, and tapped the vibrating toy a few times on Optimus's sensitive node, each light contact making Optimus twitch. "I did tell you what I was going to do." Then he looked down with exaggerated attention and said with false sympathy, "Lubricant isn't dripping down your aft yet, so I think you'll be waiting a while..."

Optimus groaned. "You know I'm going to get you back for this, right?"

"I look forward to it."

Any snarky reply Optimus might have had was forgotten when Megatron pressed the toy close again, leaning over to nibble on one of Optimus's finials. He realized Megatron must have turned the toy back down to its lowest setting at some point and rocked his hips in annoyance.

"Is there something that you want, Optimus?" Megatron said, sounding hideously self-satisfied. Optimus glared.

"Turn it up, I don't have all day."

Megatron laughed. "I like it when you're greedy."

And he obliged—for about three seconds.

He pressed the control on the device with his thumb, and held it there. The toy went up one level, two levels, three, four—Optimus jolted—and then he turned it down and took it away. Optimus growled his displeasure.

"Be patient, greedy Prime," Megatron said, bringing the toy back to Optimus's valve. He nestled it between the folds and rubbed the length of it over Optimus's valve. After two long strokes of the toy, he flicked it up two intensity settings. Then from top to bottom, he slid the toy over the soft slit, only really catching the node on the upstroke in a luxurious tease, and spreading lubricant across Optimus's swelling protoform.

He drew irregular circular patterns with the vibrating tip, only off and on rubbing up against where Optimus wanted it most.

"More."

"Ask me nicely." Megatron's grin was audible.

"More, *please*," Optimus said with bad grace.

Megatron crouched down in front of him, briefly taking the vibrator away, his helm situated between Optimus's legs. He pushed at the Prime's abdomen, and Optimus obediently slid down so he was supported by his elbows on the crate, his hips half sliding off. Megatron rested one arm on Optimus's pelvis and used his fingers to slide apart the plush folds of the valve, exposing the bright little sensor to his examination.

"There's that pretty button," Megatron said, as if he'd just been presented with a treat.

Optimus shivered and tried to pretend this wasn't turning his crankshaft.

Keeping the valve lips spread wide, Megatron brought the vibrator around and held it just lightly against Optimus's vulnerable nub. Optimus tried to squirm, but Megatron held him fast, pushing his hips down with one forearm. He pressed more firmly against the node, and then rubbed it with the vibrator—Optimus couldn't shift his hips, and with his protoform stretched taut by Megatron's fingers, his nub couldn't slip out from under the toy's onslaught, even when he was so slick with lubricant. He just couldn't escape the wonderful intensity.

Then Megatron lifted the toy away, *again*, and Optimus groaned his complaint. But in less than a moment, the toy returned, Megatron rubbing it over the node in a little circle. And he repeated that pattern—rub, lift, rub—over again. And again. And again. Until Optimus was moaning for every departure and every return.

"Very nice," Megatron said. "I like having you all pretty and perfect and wanton, all for me."

"Nnghk," Optimus replied.

"Do you like it when I hold my toy against your precious node?" The next time, Megatron didn't take it away. He rubbed the vibrator over the slick little nub and then held it there, buzzing and quivering and sending Optimus into the stratosphere. He held it, and held it, and he rubbed the node again, enough to make Optimus desperate, and then he held it steady again. Optimus was making an impressive series of moans, each getting progressively louder the longer he was gifted with uninterrupted stimulation. He was just starting to feel the pleasure wind tight inside him, when Megatron turned the vibrator's intensity all the way down.

Optimus grunted his annoyance.

"I think you like it a little too much," Megatron said. "Let's try something different, hm?"

And then Megatron pressed on the intensity button on the toy—and he didn't stop pressing it. He held it down until the cruel vibrations were at their highest setting. Optimus's vocalizer screeched in a malfunction, but it was barely any time at all before Megatron had turned it back down. Optimus realized he was panting. Megatron chuckled and—turned it back up, he turned the intensity back up and it was exquisite, it felt incredible, he kept going up and up and—Megatron stopped increasing the intensity around the fourth level, much lower than the highest setting. He'd been expecting another dizzying climb to sensation that was almost too much. Optimus whined, about to complain, but Megatron was busy *turning the vibrator back down* because he was an awful mech, truly, truly cruel—

Megatron turned the intensity back up.

Optimus didn't know how long that went on. Megatron would push through the intensity levels in one solid sweep, then take them back down. And then, back up. But not necessarily all the way back up, and sometimes he'd come down from the highest level to about three, and then he would oscillate between three and two and four, and Optimus never knew how much pleasure he was going to have at any given moment, and it was mesmerizing torture.

"Please," he said finally, choking on the words. "Please, Megatron."

Megatron obliged. He left the intensity around the fourth level, and gently rubbed Optimus's node with the toy, not leaving, not changing, oh *bliss*.

"I love watching you like this, right on the edge, your node swollen and exposed for me. You respond so beautifully," Megatron said, his sinful voice curling into Optimus's processor. "I'm imagining myself inside you, experiencing every delicious squeeze and flinch."

Then Megatron shifted the position of the vibrator until it was pushing on his node at a slightly different angle. It felt so good, so wonderfully good, and Optimus must have made some kind of noise because Megatron asked, “Oh, is that the spot, Optimus? Does that feel good?”

“Yes—yes, please. Megatron, let me—”

Megatron didn’t pull away immediately, and Optimus felt his pleasure rise, dared to hope that this time he would get to overload—Megatron turned the toy off completely.

Optimus gave up on holding himself up on his elbows and let his upper body collapse flat on the top of the crate. He groaned, throwing an arm over his optics.

“We’re running out of time,” Optimus complained.

He felt Megatron’s fingers release his protoform and gently pat the surface of his valve before departing. When Optimus looked again, Megatron had moved to kneel to one side of the crate

“Megatron...”

“Optimus...” he said, smiling, shifting position so that he could reach one hand to rub Optimus’s valve with the flat of his palm. It was certainly better than *nothing*, but it wouldn’t bring Optimus back up to the edge of overload. Megatron leaned down to give him a kiss—which Optimus accepted because Megatron was a good kisser and also because he was weak—and said, “Shall I let you come this time?”

“Yes,” Optimus growled. “Definitely.”

Megatron laughed next to his audial and kissed him again.

Optimus noticed that hadn’t been a ‘yes,’ but then Megatron snuck the vibrator back down to his valve, and Optimus forgot to push the point. It was back down to the lowest setting, and his node was so slick the toy slid over it, from one side to the other, tucked between his valve lips. Optimus whined as it shifted position.

“What would you like, Optimus?” Megatron rumbled to him in that intoxicating, intimate tone.

“I ‘would like’ an overload, Megatron. Stop playing around!” Even to himself he sounded petulant, though Optimus couldn’t get the words out without a mix of soft little moans.

“But you like it when I use my little toy to play with you,” Megatron laughed. And then he said, in a deviously low rasp that sent a zing of pleasure through Optimus’s whole frame, “Does that make you my *other* pretty little toy?”

Optimus moaned, unable to help himself. He should object to that epithet, he really should, Optimus told himself. It would have been easier to object if he didn’t want Megatron to say it again.

“Get on with it, you slagger,” he said instead. The way he gasped the words took most of the heat out of it, unfortunately.

Megatron smiled, knowingly, and Optimus looked away, down to where the vibrator was pressing against him. “Would my pretty plaything like me to use a higher setting? Or shall I find that spot you liked so much? Ask nicely, Prime.”

“Frag you,” Optimus grunted, rocking his hips, but really, he was too far gone to resist. “I’d like

you to use a higher setting, please,” he breathed.

Megatron swallowed a moan and said, strained, “Oh Optimus, the things I’m going to do to you…”

Then he took it up by two levels, and Optimus shuddered. Megatron was still moving the toy, rubbing the node, and it was so good, so lovely, and he had leaned down to nip at Optimus’s finial and whisper little compliments to him. He increased the intensity again to a nice mid-level, pairing that with something filthy murmured into Optimus’s audial.

“Would you—would you—that spot?” Optimus tried to say.

Megatron bit him, lightly, and stopped rocking the toy back and forth. Optimus groaned. Megatron moved the toy minutely and watched Optimus’s face as he adjusted the positioning. Optimus’s moans pitched up higher as the blessed vibration moved ever so slightly over his sensor, until he was making little broken cries. And then Megatron stopped moving it and held it still, pressed it down against him.

“Is that it, pretty toy?”

“Yes! Yes—please, like that!”

But amidst the pleasure there was a ringing noise in his audials, suddenly, and he murmured in confusion. When he blinked on his HUD and realized what it was, he choked. “Meg—Megatron, Prowl’s pinging me for an audio call, you have to—”

Megatron’s optics went bright at his words. The ringing came again, but he didn’t take the vibrator away. Optimus didn’t *want* him to take the vibrator away—he couldn’t, he needed it, but they had to stop—Megatron smiled, infuriatingly calm. “We have 60 seconds. You are going to overload before the call drops.” He pressed the vibrator harder against the node, in just the right place, and Optimus shuddered.

“I can’t—there’s not enough time, I can’t, I need—”

“You can, my dear Optimus, my marvelous Prime,” Megatron said, fierce and confident, his voice rough with his own arousal and his breath hot on Optimus’s finial. “You can be a good bot, can’t you?”

Oh—oh, he wanted that. He wanted to be good, but he didn’t, he *couldn’t*. He’d been so close to overload only minutes ago, but he wasn’t sure if he’d be able to make it. There was another ring from the comm.

Megatron just barely rocked the vibrator against his node—just enough to shift the swollen nub back and forth, back and forth. Optimus’s moans echoed in time with the motion.

“That poor little button must be sensitive. Tender.” Megatron’s voice blazed through him, the words only slightly more important than the tone. He was speaking fast, but without urgency, as if he were completely sure that Optimus would be able to overload in time. And he didn’t stop speaking. His words were their own caress, driving Optimus higher and higher. “You like it when I press the toy against your tender little node?”

“I like it,” Optimus confessed. His voice was low and broken by static. He liked it so much. The pleasure was so much stronger now, so much better after the protracted teasing—but his greedy valve had gotten used to the stimulation, and he didn’t know if he could push over the edge—the comm rang again. Megatron hummed with satisfaction, and Optimus’s legs began to shake.



“And you like it when I take it away.”

Optimus let out a wordless protest as Megatron lifted the vibrator off of him, his whole body arching, trying to follow the stimulation. His node throbbed and tightened when the cool air hit it, and he squeezed his valve desperately, trying to get friction from nothing. “No, no, we don’t have—oh, please!”

Megatron growled against his finials, sounding infuriatingly pleased with himself, and—oh, oh *praise Primus*, he pressed the curved surface of the toy back against his poor node before Optimus even finished begging. Optimus cried out softly, a long note of desperate sound pushed out of him by the pressure against his most sensitive parts. Pleasure bloomed at the contact.

It hadn’t even been a quarter of a second of denial, but it had doubled his pleasure. The exact same inputs to his sensors, but now the feeling extended deeper, brighter, into his array, and his node felt so much more sensitive, more exposed—more receptive, like his whole frame had been concentrated into that tiny, soft nub and every vibration covered his whole body.

“That’s it,” Megatron said. “See, you do like it.”

He *hated* it when Megatron was right. But his processor had to let that thought drop right out of his mind—there just wasn’t room for it. He felt so much. So good. So *close*.

“Nngh?” Optimus said, half moan, half request. Megatron cooed at him.

“That’s it, just like that. Oh, you are magnificent. I can hardly bear to wait to have you,” Megatron murmured. His voice was syrupy and soft now, encouraging.

The vibration went on, and on, and on, and Optimus was almost—almost—

Megatron shifted his grip on the toy and Optimus groaned in protest, anticipating another dreaded, loved denial, but it didn’t come—“Yes, just like that. Now let go for me,” was whispered into his audial. And then Megatron turned up the vibration.

Warmth shot through him as unbearable intensity suddenly escalated into perfect pleasure, and he overloaded.

Optimus screamed.

He shook and thrashed. Megatron stayed with him, holding his hips down with one powerful arm as the vibrator buzzed and quivered against his node in an endless infinity of sensation. He sobbed, and then his whole frame slumped. His joints went lax, and he relaxed against the crate in a full-body expression of spark-felt relief. Megatron purred against his audial and turned the toy off.

“Hnngh.”

“I know,” said Megatron. “But you have a comm to answer.”

Optimus’s optics flared open and he lurched up, nearly falling off the crate. Megatron steadied him, laughing. Optimus frantically cleared his vocalizer’s cache and finally answered the comm.

“Hello, Prowl.”

Optimus was a little proud of how steady his voice sounded, even as Megatron gave his valve a parting rub before his panel closed.

*"You're late," Prowl said over the comm.*

"Oh? Has the meeting started already?" His sometime-nemesis kissed his helm and helped him close his shaking thighs. Megatron helped him to stand and then mysteriously knelt down.

*"We're waiting," Prowl said, completely deadpan. "Megatron is also missing. Do you happen to have any clues to his location?"*

The vibrator had disappeared, and Megatron's hand held a cleaning cloth instead. He started to work on getting the lubricant off of Optimus's legs.

"No, no, I cannot imagine where he might be." Optimus tried for the peak of casual indifference, staring up at the ceiling so he couldn't see Megatron's silent laughter. He shifted one leg aside in response to a push. "Have you asked Soundwave?"

Megatron flicked him on the aft, and he only barely gasped.

*"I have not," Prowl said, somehow more deadpan. "When should we expect you?"*

"I'll only be a few minutes. Thank you for reminding me."

Prowl hung up.

Optimus sighed in mortified relief. Then he glared down at Megatron's smirking face. "I cannot believe I let you do this to me," he said.

Megatron stood up and pulled him into a kiss, his own panel pressing hot against Optimus's thigh. He said, "I think you enjoyed it."

"The overload or the disapproval of my second-in-command?" Optimus tried very hard to glare some more.

"Both. But I was thinking of the danger." Megatron smiled, rocking his panel against Optimus for emphasis. His optics were still bright, but soft now in his victory.

Optimus did not dignify that with a response, since Megatron was, of course, right. Instead, he shifted their bodies apart and gave Megatron another kiss. As he did, he groped that impressive spike panel with one hand, massaging it. Megatron sighed into the kiss, which was lovely, but Optimus still drew his hand back and slapped the hot panel with a clang.

"Hnnng," Megatron said. His optics were even brighter now, and Optimus heard the telltale *click click* of panel locks releasing then reengaging. "You torment me, my little toy," he said at last, and it was half a question.

"Your torment will have to wait," Optimus answered, letting his voice dip into a lower register. "I hope you enjoy the meeting."

And he marched proudly out of the closet.

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Optimus, very satisfied, somewhat embarrassed, and very hungry for revenge, was staring at Megatron from across the table. Their subordinates were seated around them in the usual way, and

Prowl, despite his obvious suspicions, had launched into the latest section of the treaty they were working on. Starscream was yelling. Prowl was gesticulating. Optimus was not paying as much attention as he probably should have been, but he didn't feel terribly guilty, considering what he was paying attention to.

He'd decided he was going to do this sometime after Megatron had said, "Does that make you my pretty little toy?" He couldn't just let that stand.

Even if it had been hot as a smelter.

Optimus held his optics on Megatron's notably bright ones, gazing back at him, and sent a text-only, short-range comm to his enemy lover.

OP: I think there's lubricant dripping from my panel onto the chair.

Megatron flinched, ever so slightly, and his optics flicked down as if he could see through the table to Optimus's pelvis. Then he glared.

M: I know what you're doing. It's not going to work!

OP: It's too bad it's going to waste. I'm going to need a lot of slick to take your spike in a few minutes.

Megatron's optics flickered and reset. His hands flexed on top of the table. Soundwave turned his head in Megatron's direction.

M: The meeting isn't half over. It's going to be at least an hour.

OP: I doubt that somehow.

And Optimus reached for the small cube of fuel thoughtfully provided at each seat by someone—Jazz, possibly. He retracted his battlemask, and allowed himself a meaningful smirk. Then he took a lingering swallow of the energon, licking his lips afterwards. Prowl frowned at him.

Megatron was staring. He looked vaguely nervous.

Good.

Prowl had been complaining for weeks about how this 'fling' was all a ploy and Megatron was trying to distract him—and really, maybe, possibly he was right about that—but Optimus was proud to say that he was quite capable of doing some serious distracting of his own.

Optimus took another sip from the cube, and this time he let a little of the fuel drip on his hand in a show of clumsiness with the glass. Megatron wasn't the only one who could tease.

OP: I wasn't sure, so I touched the seat of my chair to check. Sure enough, I've made a wet little mess. My fingers are soaked.

And Optimus, trying to keep his face indifferent and casual, lifted his hand and licked delicately at the spilled energon. Then he put two of his fingers slowly into his mouth.

The reaction was just as dramatic as Optimus had hoped.

Megatron lurched out of his seat. "Everyone— out!" he roared.

"Megatron!" shrieked Starscream. "You can't just—"

“Yes, I can! This meeting is over. Out. Now!”

Starscream looked around and, when he didn’t even get a glance from Optimus, gave up. With a wordless shout of frustration, he swept out of the room.

As their staff followed his example and reluctantly fled, Prowl shot his Prime a knowing, and very disapproving look.

Optimus had the grace to look abashed after that. At least until Megatron got on top of the conference table and started crawling towards him. That was pretty distracting. Megatron was snarling at him, the great bulk of him looming even on all fours, and when his hands gripped the opposite edge of the table he swung himself down to stand in front of Optimus. Everyone was probably out of the room by the time Optimus spread his legs and pulled his fingers out of his mouth with a pop, but it hardly mattered.

Revenge tasted sweet.

## End Notes

Huge thanks to [RHplus](#) for betaing this fic. I love comments so much, so I will definitely love yours—let me know what you think! Find me on [twitter](#), and [tumblr](#), and [dreamwidth](#)!

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